

953  
S426  
hym

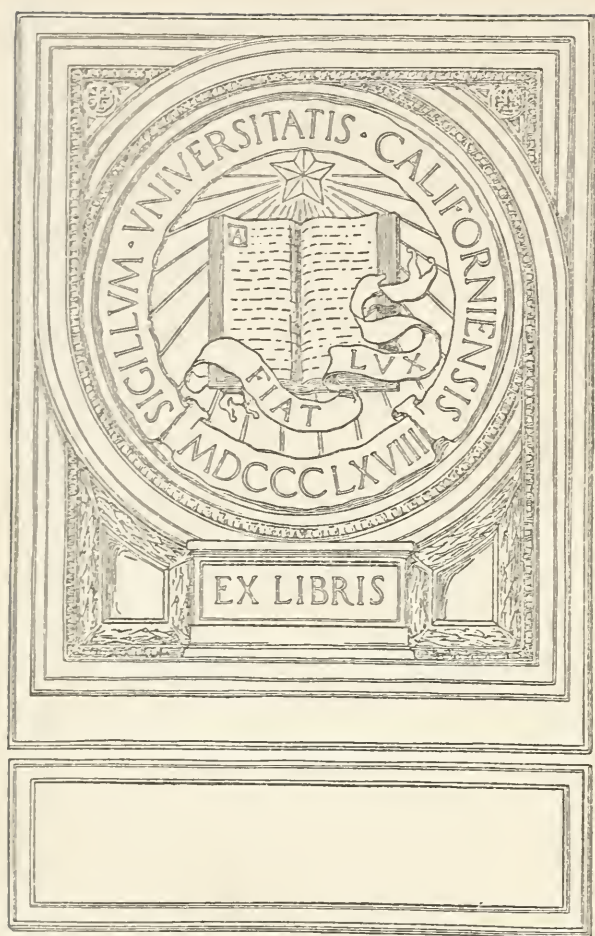
A  
Hymn  
of  
Empire

UC-NRLF



B 3 315 586

FREDERICK  
GEORGE  
SCOTT.





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



# A Hymn of Empire

## A POET AND A PERSONALITY.

There was a military church parade in Toronto a fortnight ago, and as the soldiers marched down Yonge Street a khaki-clad figure near their head was observed to wave and bow and smile familiarly to spectators on the sidewalk. He did not look like the stern officer his uniform might suggest. It was Canon F. G. Scott, who had come five hundred miles from Quebec to preach to the boys he knew in France. He was one of Canada's best loved padres, ever ready with counsel and comfort for the stricken in their darkest hour. From the days of Valcartier onward he threw his heart and soul into the effort of the Empire he loved so well.

That was Canon Scott the chaplain. Readers of Canadian literature have known Frederick George Scott the poet for many

are allied in a common  
geological problems still  
be worked out in detail.  
able amount of data has  
been secured. Much more  
own before the end of the  
ason. Both H. S. Robin-  
Intyre and Douglas Wright  
rank high as geologists.  
rio Department of Mines  
parties in the field, one of  
concentrating on the cen-  
of the camp. Dr. Edwin  
s in charge. Alfred G.  
Provincial Geologist, is  
the ground. Their studies  
extensive area will doubtless  
great deal of information  
throw light on problems  
now unsolved.

### Mineral Deal.

WA  
ELI  
HO  
HO

edly the most interesting  
is on the Howey. A meet-  
come Mines directors has  
ed for June 28 in Toronto.  
Wright, General Manager of  
old Mines, Limited, was in  
occupine today and he  
ed to Toronto to attend  
ing. Mr. Denecler has  
made a visit to the property.  
pany has entered into the  
mining deal ever made in  
involving as it does cash  
totaling \$500,000, and an  
re of \$1,000,000, on de-  
t for a three-quarter in-  
There has been nothing



# A Hymn of Empire and Other Poems

By

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

Author of "The Soul's Quest, and Other Poems,"

"My Lattice, and Other Poems," "Elton

Hazlewood," "The Unnamed

Lake, and Other Poems,"

"Poems Old and

New," etc.

etc.



TORONTO  
WILLIAM BRIGGS  
1906

953  
S42  
h



---

Entered according to Act of the  
Parliament of Canada, in the year  
one thousand nine hundred and six,  
by FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT, at  
the Department of Agriculture.

---



TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
"LITTLE FRIEND."

---

*"Into the Infinite  
Pass we for ever:  
Knowing the Light of Light  
Faileth us never."*

## Contents—(Continued)

	PAGE
The Laurentians . . . . .	40
From Canada . . . . .	41
Nature's Recompense . . . . .	43
Old Michael . . . . .	45
The Mount of Beatitudes . . . . .	46
My Little Son . . . . .	47
The Snowstorm . . . . .	49
The Windmill . . . . .	50
The Night Wind . . . . .	51
The King's Bastion . . . . .	52
Leo XIII. . . . .	53
Ad Ecclesiam Anglicanam . . . . .	54

## A Hymn of Empire

LORD, by whose might the Heavens stand,  
The Source from whom they came,  
Who holdest nations in Thy hand,  
And call'st the stars by name,  
Thine ageless forces do not cease  
To mould us as of yore—  
The chiselling of the arts of peace,  
The anvil-strokes of war.

Then bind our realms in brotherhood,  
Firm laws and equal rights,  
Let each uphold the Empire's good  
In freedom that unites ;  
And make that speech whose thunders roll  
Down the broad stream of time,  
The harbinger from pole to pole  
Of love and peace sublime.

Lord, turn the hearts of cowards who prate,  
Afraid to dare or spend,  
The doctrine of a narrower State  
More easy to defend ;  
Not this the watchword of our sires  
Who breathed with ocean's breath,  
Not this our spirit's ancient fires  
Which nought could quench but death.

Strong are we? Make us stronger yet ;  
Great ? Make us greater far.  
Our feet antarctic oceans fret,  
Our crown the polar star ;  
Round Earth's wild coasts our batteries speak,  
Our highway is the main,  
We stand as guardian of the weak,  
We burst the oppressor's chain.

Great God, uphold us in our task,  
Keep pure and clean our rule,  
Silence the honeyed words which mask  
The wisdom of the fool.  
The pillars of the world are Thine ;  
Pour down Thy bounteous grace,  
And make illustrious and divine  
The sceptre of our race.

## The Storm

O GRIP the earth, ye forest trees,  
Grip well the earth to-night,  
The Storm-God rides across the seas  
To greet the morning light.

All clouds that wander through the skies  
Are tangled in his net,  
The frightened stars have shut their eyes,  
The breakers fume and fret.

The birds that cheer the woods all day  
Now tremble in their nests,  
The giant branches round them sway,  
The wild wind never rests.

The squirrel and the cunning fox  
Have hurried to their holes,  
Far off, like distant earthquake shocks,  
The muffled thunder rolls.

In scores of hidden woodland dells,  
Where no rough winds can harm,  
The timid wild-flowers toss their bells  
In reasonless alarm.

Only the mountains rear their forms,  
Silent and grim and bold ;  
To them the voices of the storms  
Are as a tale re-told.

They saw the stars in heaven hung,  
They heard the great Sea's birth,  
They know the ancient pain that wrung  
The entrails of the Earth.

Sprung from great Nature's royal lines,  
They share her deep repose,—  
Their rugged shoulders robed in pines,  
Their foreheads crowned with snows.

But now there comes a lightning flash,  
And now on hill and plain  
The charging clouds in fury dash,  
And blind the world with rain.

## The River

WHY hurry, little river,  
Why hurry to the sea?  
There is nothing there to do  
But to sink into the blue  
And all forgotten be.  
There is nothing on that shore  
But the tides for evermore,  
And the faint and far-off line  
Where the winds across the brine  
For ever, ever roam  
And never find a home.

Why hurry, little river,  
From the mountains and the mead,  
Where the graceful elms are sleeping  
And the quiet cattle feed?  
The loving shadows cool  
The deep and restful pool,  
And every tribute stream  
Brings its own sweet woodland dream



Of the mighty woods that sleep  
Where the sighs of earth are deep,  
And the silent skies look down  
On the savage mountain's frown.

Oh, linger, little river,  
Your banks are all so fair,  
Each morning is a hymn of praise,  
Each evening is a prayer.  
All day the sunbeams glitter  
On your shallows and your bars,  
And at night the dear God stills you  
With the music of the stars.

## On the Return of Our Troops

THE seal set on our nationhood are these  
Strong men, returning victors from the war ;  
Up to the battle's very front they bore  
Our country's honour, till with every breeze  
Fame sang their valour round the seven seas.  
For us they braved death in the cannon's roar,  
For us their comrades died, and nevermore  
Will see the loved homes 'neath our maple trees.

Throw wide thy gates, O Canada, throw wide  
The portals of thy gratitude ; these men  
Have roused the God in us. Now cast aside  
All littleness of aim. With courage high  
And loftier purpose, to thy tasks again,  
And carve thine own illustrious destiny.

## The City Church

NOT only in the hush of mountain lands,  
And on the storms which shroud the boundless  
deep,  
Does Nature's God His awful vigil keep.  
Here, in this church, though raised by human hands,  
Though in the traffic-crowded street it stands,  
God's throne is set ; and while men work or sleep,  
He wakes and listens to the hearts that weep,  
And in His love makes straight life's tangled strands.

New generations come and pass away,  
They pour their anguish into God's kind ear,  
They gaze up mutely towards His unseen face ;  
And, compassed with His mercies day by day,  
They stand unshaken, while this earthly sphere  
Rolls through the dark infinity of space.

Inscription on  
Soldiers' Monument,  
Quebec

NOT by the power of Commerce, Art, or Pen  
Shall our great Empire stand ; nor has it stood :  
But by the noble deeds of noble men,  
Heroic lives, and Heroes' outpoured blood.

## Poetae Silvarum

O SINGING birds, O singing birds, ye sing in field  
and sky  
The simple songs of love and joy ye sang in days  
gone by ;  
I hear you in the meadows now and up the mountain  
stream,  
And as I listen to your voice I dream an old-world  
dream.

O singing birds, O singing birds, ye sang in ancient  
Greece  
Ere Paris found the fatal fruit, or Jason sought the  
fleece ;  
And from the Attic mountain tops ye saw the dawn  
uprise,  
Her feet upon the golden sea and wonder in her  
eyes.

Ye heard the shepherd pipe at dawn, and piped again  
with him  
Until the flocks came winding out where forest glades  
were dim ;  
Ye sang in dewy dell and woke the wild-flower from  
its dream,  
And watched the fauns and satyrs dance beside the  
woodland stream.

Ye sang your songs at noonday when Athenian crews  
went down  
Between the dusty walls that joined Peiræus with  
the town,  
Until across the sparkling deep the triremes sailed  
away,  
And up Poseidon's altar steps the women went to  
pray.

Ye sang your songs at eventide when on the sacred  
hill  
The light was slowly dying down and mists were  
sleeping still ;  
While two by two the maidens went, with lilies in  
their hand,  
And asked each other of the love they could not  
understand.

And in the night, when stars looked down and herds  
    were gathered in,  
And little brooks with tinkling voice made music  
    clear and thin,  
At intervals your note again would thrill the forest's  
    rest,  
When dreamland fancies woke your joy or breezes  
    stirred your nest.

O singing birds, O singing birds, who pipe in shade  
    and sun,  
Ye fill the world with gladness still, ye bind us all  
    in one ;  
Your songs are of untroubled days, of mornings glad  
    and free,  
And merry rivers leaping down the mountains to the  
    sea.

O singing birds, O singing birds, the ages pass  
    away,  
The world is growing old, and we grow older day  
    by day ;  
Pour out your deathless songs again to men of every  
    tongue,  
And wake the music in man's heart that keeps the  
    old world young.



## Stella

(From the Greek anthology)

DEAR Love, thou gazest at the starlit skies,  
Thou who art star to me ;  
Would I were heaven with all its myriad eyes  
Gazing on thee.

## God's Youth

IN the star-depths of children's eyes,  
Where burns the light of truth,  
I see, reflected from the skies,  
God's own eternal youth.

## In the Winter Woods

WINTER forests mutely standing  
Naked on your bed of snow,  
Wide your knotted arms expanding  
To the biting winds that blow,  
Nought ye heed of storm or stress,  
Stubborn, silent, passionless.

Buried is each woodland treasure,  
Gone the leaves and mossy rills,  
Gone the birds that filled with pleasure  
All the valleys and the hills;  
Ye alone of all that host  
Stand like soldiers at your post.

Grand old trees, the words ye mutter,  
Nodding in the frosty wind,  
Wake some thoughts I cannot utter,  
But which haunt the heart and mind,  
With a meaning, strange and deep,  
As of visions seen in sleep.

Something in my inmost thinking  
Tells me I am one with you,  
For a subtle bond is linking  
Nature's offspring through and through,  
And your spirit like a flood  
Stirs the pulses of my blood.

While I linger here and listen  
To the creaking boughs above,  
Hung with icicles that glisten  
As if kindling into love,  
Human heart and soul unite  
With your majesty and might.

Horizontal, rich with glory,  
Through the boughs the red sun's rays  
Clothe you as some grand life-story  
Robes an aged man with praise,  
When, before his setting sun,  
Men recount what he has done.

But the light is swiftly fading,  
And the wind is icy cold,  
And a mist the moon is shading,  
Pallid in the western gold ;  
In the night-winds still ye nod,  
Sentinels of Nature's God.

Now with gladdened steps returning  
To the world from whence I came,  
Leave I all the great west burning  
With the day that died in flame,  
And the stars, with silver ray,  
Light me on my homeward way.

## A Sister of Charity

SHE made a nunnery of her life,  
Plain duties hedged it round,  
No echoes of the outer strife  
Could reach its hallowed ground.

Her rule was simple as her creed,  
She tried to do each day  
Some act of kindness that might speed  
A sad soul on its way.

She had no wealth, and yet she made  
So many rich at heart ;  
Her lot was hidden, yet she played  
No inconspicuous part.

Some wondered men had passed her by,  
Some said she would not wed,  
I think the secret truth must lie  
Long buried with the dead.

That cheery smile, that gentle touch,  
That heart so free from stain,  
Could have no other source but such  
As lies in conquered pain.

All living creatures loved her well,  
And blessed the ground she trod ;  
The pencillings in her Bible tell  
Her communing with God.

And when the call came suddenly,  
And sleep preceded death,  
There was no struggle we could see,  
No hard and laboured breath.

Gently as dawn the end drew nigh ;  
Her life had been so sweet,  
I think she did not need to die  
To reach the Master's feet.



# William McKinley

(A Tribute of Kindred)

BROTHER of kings and king of brother men,  
Hero and martyr, lo! thou dost not sleep.  
Thy dauntless soul, beyond our mortal ken,  
Pursues life's journey through the eternal deep.

Elsewhere, not here, lives on the lofty aim,  
The iron purpose of a steadfast life,  
The strong, brave heart that forged a deathless name,  
The tender love of duty, land and wife.

O mighty Sister in our royal line,  
America! guard well his sacred dust.  
Thy grief is ours, e'en as our blood is thine—  
We twain who hold the great world's peace in trust.

Quebec, September 14, 1901.

## The Martyr

THE dark square glimmers 'neath the morning skies,  
And issuing slowly through the sombre gate  
Come priest and monk, soldier and magistrate,  
While, midst them, walks the prisoner, with his eyes  
Bent on the ground, going to his sacrifice.

He limps, from tortures wrought by powerless hate,  
He fronts wild wolves who for his life-blood wait,  
Yet now he thrills with God's own harmonies.

Fearless, he stands above the great, hushed crowd :  
He hears the monks drone out his burial song,  
He feels the hot flames round the faggots creep ;  
And, as the thick smoke wraps him in a cloud,  
Which rolls to Heaven, his voice rings clear and  
strong—  
"Thy Kingdom come" : and so he falls asleep.

## His Parting

THEY bore the little dying boy  
Through his beloved wood,  
The sweet song-sparrows hushed their joy,  
The pine trees silent stood.

The tiny ripples from the lake  
Crept noiseless down the shore,  
And even the brook seemed for his sake  
Less boisterous than before.

The sunbeams never blinked their eyes,  
Quite still were light and shade,  
While here and there the droning flies  
A solemn music made.

'Twas plain his woodland friends had heard,  
And nature all around  
Mourned, as when some sweet singing bird  
Has fallen to the ground.

But he, our little dying boy,  
Forgetting all his pain,  
Passed prattling by in childish joy  
And never came again.

“ Little Friend’s ”  
Grave

BUILD a house for “ Little Friend,”  
Underneath the sunniest grass,  
In a place where birds’ songs blend  
On the breezes as they pass.

Dig it not with sorrow’s spade,  
Use no sharp-edged tools of pain,  
Nothing there must cast a shade,  
Nothing there must leave a stain.

Build the walls of hope and joy,  
Gladsome as the flowers and trees,  
Else the little merry boy  
Will not rest in it at ease.

Bring no torch or other light,  
As though darkness could be there,  
For a soul so pure and bright  
Will give radiance everywhere.

Build the roof of faith and love,  
Pillared on foundations deep,  
That the rain of tears above  
May not mar his happy sleep.

Make no windows, as though he  
Needed peep-holes to the skies,  
For the vast Eternity  
Now is open to his eyes.

Build no staircase for his feet,  
Make no door-way in the wall,  
For he treads the golden street  
Where the Christ is All in all.

Only let the cross be set  
Upright in the hallowed ground,  
Lest the stricken heart forget  
Where the cure of grief is found.

## Even-song in the Woods

HUSH, let us say, "Our Father," in this wood,  
And through bare boughs look up into the sky,  
Where fleecy clouds on autumn winds go by.  
Here, by this fallen trunk, which long since stood  
And praised the Lord and Giver of all good,  
We'll sing "Magnificat." With curious eye  
A squirrel watches from a branch on high,  
As though he too would join us if he could.

Now in our "Nunc Dimittis," soft and low,  
Strange woodland voices mingle, one by one ;  
Dead songs of vanished birds, the sad increase  
Of crumpled leaves on paths where rough winds go,  
The deepening shades, the low October sun,—  
"Lord, let thy servant now depart in peace."

## The Mill-stream

CLEAR down the mountain, 'neath the arching green,  
And o'er mossed boulders dappled by the sun,  
With many a leap the laughing waters run.  
They tumble fearless down each dark ravine,  
And roam through caves where day has never been :  
Until, at last, the open pool is won,  
Where, by their prisoned strength, man's work is  
done  
In that old mill which branching cedars screen.

Here, all day long, the massy logs, updrawn  
Against the biting saw, are loud with shrieks.  
Here, too, at night, are stars and mystery,  
And nature sleeping ; and, all round at dawn,  
The rugged utterance of mountain peaks  
Against the infinite silence of the sky.



## By the Sea

EVER the strong, salt life, ever the dream,  
Ever the pulsing force, the mystery  
Of tireless Nature working 'neath the stars  
Her destiny apart from human things.

## A Voice from Canada

(To an English Pro-Boer)

HUSH, babbling Pharisee,  
Scribe, hypocrite, do we  
Love, any more  
Than you do, war?

Think you that darkling skies  
And helpless orphans' cries  
Do never keep  
Our hearts from sleep?

Have not our blinding tears,  
In these late anxious years,  
Been wrung by pain  
For loved ones slain?

Think you those hearts are steel  
Who, for the common weal,  
Thus lay down all  
At duty's call?

You talk, but do not share  
The heavy load we bear  
Of sundered ties  
And sacrifice.

That far-off lonely grave,  
Where sleep the sons we gave,  
Looms in our sight  
By day and night,

We do not know what more  
The future has in store,  
What bitterer tears  
May come with years,

But with set teeth we stand  
To guard our Empire land,  
To dare and spend  
Unto the end.

So, critic, since for you  
Our sons are fighting, too,  
Your railing cease  
And give us—PEACE.

Quebec, 1901.

By the Grave  
of Keats

THE sunset gold was fading from the sky,  
The cypresses towered darkly overhead,  
While through the deepening shade a pathway led  
To where the bones of England's poet lie.  
We heard the night-wind in the tall trees sigh,  
Yet, as we stooped and on the white stone read  
Those lines which tell the heart's woe of the dead,  
Something that was not darkness blurred the eye.

"Whose name was writ in water,"—yea, 'twas so.  
O passionate soul of beauty, youth and light,  
Thy name is writ in water, earth and air,  
It sings in birds' songs, scents all flowers that blow,  
Lights up the forest glade, crowns the starred night;  
Thy epitaph was triumph, not despair.

## Song

(From the Italian of Guerrini)

WHEN the leaves are falling, Dearest,  
And you seek the quiet mound  
Where I slumber, you will find it  
With a wealth of blossoms crowned.

Gather, then, for thy bright tresses  
Those that from my heart have sprung ;  
They're the love-thoughts that I spoke not,  
And the songs I left unsung.

## The Laurentians

THESE mountains reign alone, they do not share  
The transitory life of woods and streams ;  
Wrapt in the deep solemnity of dreams,  
They drain the sunshine of the upper air.  
Beneath their peaks, the huge clouds, here and there,  
Take counsel of the wind, which all night screams  
Through gray, burnt forests where the moonlight  
beams  
On hidden lakes, and rocks worn smooth and bare.

These mountains once, throned in some primal sea,  
Shook half the world with thunder, and the sun  
Pierced not the gloom that clung about their  
crest ;  
Now with sealed lips, toilers from toil set free,  
Unvexed by fate, the part they played being done,  
They watch and wait in venerable rest.

## From Canada

MOTHER and Queen, from the golden West  
We offer in love at the foot of thy throne  
All we can give thee, our dearest and best,  
Flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone.  
Take them, Queen of the brave and free ;  
They come in their love to die for thee.

Mother and Queen, from farm and mart,  
From bank and factory, hill and plain,  
They gather in love for a noble heart,  
To lighten its sorrow and share its pain.  
Take them, Queen of the brave and free ;  
They come in their love to die for thee.

Mother and Queen, our homes were bright  
And pure as the air of the sunlit north ;  
But tears have darkened the women's sight  
Since the day that the brothers and sons went forth.  
Take them, Queen of the brave and free ;  
They come in their love to die for thee.

Mother and Queen of the spotless throne,  
Lady and Lord of the sea and land,  
Thou makest our far-born sons thine own  
By the tender clasp of a woman's hand.  
Take them, Queen of the brave and free ;  
They come in their love to die for thee.

Mother and Queen, from the strong, glad West,  
From the rivers and plains where our children roam,  
We give thee our dearest, our bravest, our best ;  
Take them, Queen of our heart and home.  
Asking no bounty, favour or fee,  
They come in their love to die for thee.

Quebec, March 1, 1900.



## Nature's Recompense

WITH barren heart and weary mind,  
I wander from the haunts of men,  
And strive in solitude to find  
The careless joys of youth again.

I seek the long-loved woodland brook,  
I watch the clouds when day is done,  
I climb the mountain top and look,  
All-eager, at the rising sun.

I plunge into the forest glade,  
Untrodden yet by human feet,  
And, loitering through the light and shade,  
I hear the birds their songs repeat.

But all in vain, they will not come—  
Those voices that I knew of old ;  
Great Nature's lips to me are dumb,  
Her heart to me is dead and cold.

In vain I lie upon her breast  
And ask her for the dreams I seek,  
She takes no pity on my quest,  
I cannot force her lips to speak.

Then, haply, in a calm despair  
I give up seeking, and I lie,  
All-thoughtless, in the woodland air  
And 'neath the leaf-bespangled sky.

And then it comes, the voice of old,  
Which soothes the realms of death and birth,  
The message through the ages told,  
The cradle song of Mother Earth.

And as it thrills each languid sense  
And lifts me from the world apart,  
Great Nature makes full recompense  
For her past coldness to my heart.

## Old Michael

DEAR Mother Earth, in this long wooden box,  
We bring old Michael with his silvery locks ;  
Such years he tended thee with pick and spade,  
Right gladly wilt thou welcome his poor shade.

## The Mount of Beatitudes

CHRIST sat upon the mountain side,  
The blue sky overhead,  
Beneath, in heaven's own colours dyed,  
The lake's still bosom spread.

Some sparrows fluttered through the sky,  
A breath the lilies stirred,  
Far off a boat went drifting by  
With white wings like a bird.

But, heedless of the sea and shore,  
Christ turned aside to greet  
The weary hearts who came to pour  
Their sorrows at His feet.

I ponder o'er the scene so fair  
Upon my bended knee,  
Until I dream that I am there,  
And, lo, Christ looks at me.

## My Little Son

My little son, my little son, he calls to me forever  
Across the gulfs and through the mists which  
shroud him from my sight ;  
I hear him in the noonday, in the midst of all the  
turmoil,  
I hear him, oh, so plainly, in the silence of the  
night.

My little son, my little son, I see in clearest vision  
The merry face, the deep, clear eyes, the crown  
of golden hair.  
But these, ah, these are sleeping where the hillside  
glows with sunset,  
And the little boy, my darling that I loved so, is  
not there.

My little son, my little son, there are starry paths  
at night-time,  
Above the swaying tree-tops where the birds are  
fast asleep ;

Does he wander up and down them with the winds  
in endless play-time?

Does he read in sudden manhood all the wonders  
of the deep?

My little son, my little son, he hovers ever near me,  
I meet him in the garden walks, he speaks in wind  
and rain ;

He comes and nestles by me on my pillow in the  
darkness,

Till the golden hands of sunrise draw him back to  
God again.

## The Snowstorm

THE sky is hid in a snowy shroud,  
And the road in the woods is white,  
But the dear God watches above the cloud  
In the centre of light.

In the woods is the hush of the snowflakes' fall,  
And the creak of a lumberman's sleigh,  
But in Heaven the choirs of the Master of all  
Make praise alway.

Up there is the throne of the Triune God  
And the worshipping multitudes,  
And here is the long white winter road  
And the silent woods.

## The Windmill

A LITTLE toy windmill is turning,  
Perched up on the roof of the shed,  
Beyond it the sunset is burning,  
And the limitless woods are outspread.

It knows not the winds that are blowing,  
It asks not the clouds what they are,  
While the gold of the sunset is going,  
And over it looks out a star.

But alas for the hearts that are weary,  
For as the night settles apace,  
To the poor human spirit how dreary  
And cold looks the starland of space.



## The Night-wind

WHERE the huge clouds part,  
A voice from God's heart  
Saith unto me,  
In accents clear :  
" Who hath eyes, let him see ;  
Who hath ears, let him hear."

The wind with delight  
Shakes the mantle of night,  
And roars through the trees  
With the voice of the seas ;  
And it saith to my mind :  
" Some day thou shalt find  
Thy home in the deep,  
When death wakes thee from sleep."

# The King's Bastion

(Quebec)

FIERCE on this Bastion beats the noonday sun,  
The city sleeps beneath me old and gray,  
On convent roofs the quivering sunbeams play,  
And batteries guarded by dismantled gun.  
No breeze comes from the northern hills, which run  
Circling the blue mist of the summer's day ;  
No ripple stirs the great stream on its way  
To those dim headlands where its rest is won.

Ah God ! what thunders shook these crags of yore !  
What smoke of battle rolled about this place !  
What strife of worlds in pregnant agony !  
Now all is hushed, yet here in dreams once more  
We catch the echoes, ringing back from space,  
Of God's strokes forging human history.

**Leo XIII.**

SERVANT of God, of thee the world had need,  
For this thy glory, this thy triple crown,  
Thy soul from out its battlemented creed  
Glowed with that love which melts all barriers  
down.

Ad Ecclesiam  
Anglicanam

CHURCH of our heart and Empire,  
Upon thy queenly head  
There broods the living Spirit  
Whom Christ Himself has shed ;  
No more the dark dissensions,  
The day of doubt is done,  
When dangers gather round thee  
Thy children stand as one.

Church of our heart and Empire,  
Forgive the shameful past,  
The worldly hearts that chilled thee,  
The chains that bound thee fast ;  
Behold, from the horizon  
The clouds have rolled away,  
And now with clearer vision  
Men own thy gracious sway.

Church of our heart and Empire,  
So bright thine annals shine,  
The ages hold no triumphs  
More wonderful than thine  
Thou didst in old times cradle  
Our rude and warlike race,  
Thy sons are kings of honour,  
Thy daughters queens of grace.

Church of our heart and Empire,  
The new dawn rises fair,  
And broader paths of glory  
Are opening everywhere ;  
Beyond the ocean's thunders,  
As in the olden days,  
Thy creeds give faith her utterance,  
Thy voice her prayer and praise.

Church of our heart and Empire,  
God's wings are o'er thee spread,  
And loyal sons are ready  
For thee their blood to shed ;  
No more the dark dissensions,  
The day of doubt is done,  
And round thee in the battle  
Thy children stand as one.











# FOURTEEN DAY USE

RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or  
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

26 Oct '55 CT

JAN 17 1956 LU

OCT 1 1 2001

LD 21-100m-2,'55  
(B139s22)476

General Library  
University of California  
Berkeley

W239840

953  
5426  
hymn

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

